A Kiss With A Fist

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A Kiss With A Fist

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Summary

Following the attack from Michael, Tabitha takes it upon herself to begin Will's training in order for this to never happen again.

Meanwhile, Demetri is dealing with the anniversary of his father's death by trying not to take it out on the rest of the household.

Notes

Please let us know how you're liking this series, we'd love to have feedback on our fics and characters.

Unbeta'd, all mistakes are our own.

Tabitha awoke the following morning to the smell of syrup and coffee wafting from somewhere in the house that her sleep addled brain couldn't quite pin point. Rolling over to rub the sleep from her eyes, Tabby pulled the warm body next to her closer and kissed along Will's shoulder lightly, wanting to wake him gently without being jolted back to the real world, "Baby…?" She whispered, manoeuvring herself to hover over Will on all fours, covered only by the sheet and nothing else, "Will, wake up. You need to eat before we train."

The sound of someone clearing their throat from the end of the bed cut through the quiet of the room, Valentin stood buck naked with a tray full of waffles, juice, syrup and coffee in his hands, grinning from ear to ear at the two on the bed, "Good morning! Breakfast in bed?" He questioned, already climbing on the end of the bed to put the tray down.

Tabby narrowed her eyes at the male, moving back over to her side of the bed, "Why are you bringing us breakfast, and where's Hannibal?" She demanded, picking up one of the black coffee's to sip at it as she leaned back against the pillows.

"Hannibal woke me as he left to supervise the warehouse clear out, something about his inside man on the force tipping him off about a drug raid. Said he'd be gone most of the day and to look after you." Val shrugged a little then gestured to the food, "Breakfast is the most important meal of the day, even more so when you're about to get your ass handed to you for the next five hours or so."

"Ever the egotistical prick." Tab muttered, with a small smile, "We'll see who's getting their ass handed to them, loser teaches tai chi. You know Daddy loves to wind down after a long night."

Will moaned, he'd had a hard night, managing to sleep soundly for a couple of hours in one of his Dom's arms before being woken with nightmares, this had continued all night and he was both exhausted and annoyed at himself for letting the attack the day before get to him so badly. He burrowed into the soft sheets and whined like a miserable puppy, "Five more minutes…" He begged, peeking one eye open and raising an eyebrow, "I suppose it's too early for clothes?"

"Ahh shut up, you big baby." Demetri muttered, rolling his eyes and stealing Will's toast of the tray, "You're not the only one who's had no sleep. Someone was moaning and screaming all night. Not naming any names of course." He flopped onto the bed, wincing as it jarred his beaten body.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" Will growled, sitting bolt upright and slapping Demetri round the back of the head, stealing back his toast, "Did my nightmares keep you up? Maybe next time you'll prioritise my over fucking Call of Duty." He rolled off the bed and stormed into the bathroom, muttering about 'useless children masquerading as body guards' and slammed the door loudly behind him.

"Drama Queen…" Demetrius laughed, downing Will's tea in one gulp. He actually had no duties for the day, Hannibal hadn't trusted him with any, but he'd decided to attach himself to the training party - prove his worth. Unfortunately he was in a god awful move, everything

hurt and it was the anniversary of his father's death. Not that Hannibal or Valentin seemed to have noticed, the bastards. He was hoping that training Will would be a distraction.

Tabitha glared at Demetri over the top of her coffee cup opening her mouth to argue only to snap her mouth closed again when Will sat up and hit the male in question, "I could have save you the trouble of getting an earful but saying, hoe don't do it." She rolled her eyes, picking at a waffle as she moved to get to her feet, "D, it's been less than a day. Where's your compassion for fucks sake?"

Val put a hand on Tab's shoulder, keeping her on the bed, "I'll go, eat something before we train. You know you won't have a break until we're done, don't want you fainting." He said, getting to his feet and ducking into the bathroom and slipping Hannibal's robe on to cover himself marginally by having it tied loosely, "Demetri didn't mean it, it's… It's probably not my place to say but today's a hard day for him. I haven't had the chance to talk to him about it but I will. I just wanted to know that you were okay."

Tabby watched the bathroom door closely, half expecting Val to be thrown back out by the submissive who had been through too much in the last 18 hours to deal with this much bullshit. She turned her glare back to Dem when she was sure Will wasn't going to fight the older male, "The fuck is wrong with you?!" She snapped, picking up her phone to find a message from Hannibal, her face falling the moment she read it - *Go easy on Demetrius today, do not take what he says to heart. It's his father's anniversary and he doesn't mean it. - H x*, "Oh… D, I'm sorry." she sighed softly, moving the tray aside to wrap her arms around the bruised male, not caring about the fact she was completely naked, "I didn't mean to snap at you, but you can't be an ass without thinking about it. We're all tired, and we know why. There's no need to poke Will." She pulled back to kiss the first part of unbruised skin she could see on his face, "Don't shut us out, we're family remember?"

Will sighed from where he was sat cross legged and completely naked on top of the toilet, somehow he felt completely comfortable around the older male, he reminded him of Hannibal. Despite being totally dangerous they had the same soothing aura, "Yeah… He seemed off. I'm fine. I just… Sometimes I get nightmares and I feel bad for keeping people up so it gets my back up when they complain about it." He shrugged, unwinding his legs and getting up. His body was relatively unscathed, other than the boot shaped bruise in the middle of his chest and the fingerprint shaped ones on his hips, but his lip was still swollen and his cheek bone was purple. Moving forwards his wrapped his arms around Val, melting into a hug, "I'll apologise for storming out… just let me grab a shower and I'll be right out for some food."

Demetrius swallowed heavily, not allowing himself to cry, and nodded shortly, "S'okay, Tab. I'll be nicer to Will… could have just done with some sleep last night." He gave her a lopsided grin, allowing her to pull him into a hug, "Can I help out with training today? Take my mind off things?"

Valentin took a few cautious steps forward to rest his hip against the bathroom counter, watching Will closely for any sign he may have overstepped his bounds - for the most part, Val hated having to pussyfoot around *anyone*, but after Hannibal had returned from Romania with a traumatised Tabitha all those years ago, he knew it was best to be ready for

anything, “I’ll have a word with Demetrius, make sure he knows he’s upset you and that he shouldn’t do it again if he values all of his appendages.”

The older male half smirked at the implication of the threat then straightened up to welcome Will in his embrace, arms wrapping tightly around the submissive as he dropped a kiss to the top of his sleep mussed curls, “I’m not in charge of anything but your safety, if you apologise that is your choice to make.” Pulling away to survey the damage done to Will’s body, he furrowed his brow a little before bending down just enough to press a kiss to the boot print bruise, “I shall tell your mistress that you’ll join us shortly.” As he spoke, he stood straight again to let himself out of the bathroom, shedding the robe as he padded toward the walk in closet, “Tabitha, tell me, where does Hannibal hide all of his casual clothes. I know he has them- ah! Never mind, I found them.”

Tabitha held Demetri as tight as she dared, not wanting to cause him any more pain that he was already in, “We all could have, Will most of all. We’ll get through this though, but we’re stronger together. You know that.” Smiling herself at the grin she got, Tab stroked her fingers down the male’s back in long soothing motions, “You’re more than welcome to join us, just… Try not to take it out on us. We’ll head out later if you wanna go for a drink or something.”

Looking up as Valentin strode through the bedroom, stripping on his way, the female simply looked down at Dem with an eyeroll, dreading to think what would be pulled out of her husband’s extremely varied wardrobe, “Try the- Never mind then. Just… Not the dog shirt, please. I can’t take either of you seriously in that thing.” Tabby sat up to pick at more food, making sure to leave more than enough for Will to eat, “I take it Will’s okay? You’re not bleeding and I didn’t hear a slap, that’s a plus.”

“William is taking a shower, he will be joining us in a few minutes to eat breakfast. Then we shall train.” Val stepped out of the closet dressed only in a pair of black tracksuit bottoms with gold stripes down the legs, looking at himself in the mirror, “Does Hannibal go out in these? I would have assumed he’d despise such garish apparel.”

Sighing softly as he watched Val go, Will carefully unbuckled his collar - not wanting to ruin the velvet in the shower - and hesitated. He didn’t want to leave it on the side for the steam to get. Taking a deep breath he darted back out to the bedroom, placing it in Tabby’’s hands before running back to his shower.

Dom watched the sub come and go with interest, “He looks good naked.” He remarked, offhandedly, “Was half expecting him to be all skin and bones. Picking at the fruit on the tray he looked up at Valentin, “Nice outfit.” He snorted, “How pissed off at me is he?”

Ten minutes later, Will appeared, looking more awake but with superbly fluffy curls where he’d towel dried them. He quickly changed into a pair of sweats of his own and a tshirt of Hannibal’s and sat to pick at the food, not really hungry. “Sorry if I kept anyone awake last night.” He said finally, tone meek and eyes downcast, “Didn’t mean to. I can sleep in the red room tonight if people want? It’s sound proofed, right?”

Tabitha curled the soft collar around her fingers idly watching Will as he disappeared into the bathroom again and then turned to look at Demetri, “I’d be offended if it weren’t so true.”

She half sighed, chewing on her lower lip as she looked up at Val only to burst out laughing, “He wears those to blend in in certain areas, so far he hasn’t been killed so it must be working.” The female shrugged one shoulder and reached for her coffee cup again.

Valentin chuckled, not bothering to check out Will’s body as he darted through the room, “I took a *very* good look while I was in there with him. He’s quite the specimen, my dear.” Sitting himself on the bed to eat a strawberry from the fruit bowl, he waved a hand dismissively at the youngest male’s offer, “Think nothing of it, in this business you get used to not having any sleep. But if you insist on not waking the house you’re more than welcome to sleep with me. Demetrius may have stolen my room, but the replacement his adequate soundproofing. Believe me, I’ve tested.” He smirked, sucking the juice from his thumb and forefinger, “The new bed is arriving this afternoon, there will be *plenty* of room for the both of us.”

Will scowled at Valentin as he loaded sausages into waffles, making a bizzare sandwich and taking a huge bit. He didn’t respond for a good two minutes as he chewed and swallowed before lazily holding up his middle finger, “M’good. Thanks.” He leaned into Tabitha’s side and yawned, “Where’s Daddy?”

Demetrius cracked his neck, “I’ll be waiting out there.” He muttered, nodding towards the living area, “Join me when you’re ready.”

“He’s going to be fun today.” Will sighed, “Hard day or not, I might have to give him more bruises by the end of the day.”

“Like to see you try, brat!” Metri’s voice came from outside the door.

Tabitha ate the last of her waffle and finished off her cup of coffee, placing it down on the tray to stand up and stretch her arms over her head with a yawn, “Han’s gone to overseer a movement of products. We have a guy on the inside at the police department who tipped us off about a raid the squad is planning this evening. Best to move it otherwise we’ll lose it, not worth the money.” She shrugged, wandering into the closet to find something to wear, “He’ll be back later like he promised.”

Valentin rolled his eyes, leaning against the door frame to the closet, watching as Tabby pulled on skin tight yoga pants and a sports bra then tied her hair up. He looked away as she turned around, smirking to himself, “No really, I’d like to see you try. Give me a couple hours and you’ll have him on his knees.”

Tab emerged from the closet to smack Val on the arm as she passed, standing at the bottom of the bed with her hands on her hips as she watched Will, “We’re ready when you are, basement’s ours for the day. No interruptions.” She added with a grin.

Will sighed, downing a cup of tea and shoving a ridiculous amount of food in his mouth before standing up, “Alright.” He mumbled, his mouth full, “Ready when you are… Oh, wait!” The sub dived for Tabitha’s phone, tapping out a quick message, “Now we can go!”

Miss you, Daddy. Sorry if I kept you up last night, try not to kill anyone 'cause you're tired… Willx

Demetri let out a bored, exasperated sigh. He stormed back in the room and threw Will over his shoulder in a fireman's lift, making the smaller male yelp in surprise, "Stealing your sub. Follow if you want him to live."

Tabby watched Will grab her phone as she tied her sneakers on her feet, laughing softly, "You're the cutest." Rolling her eyes as Demetri picked up the submissive, "Hey! Watch where you're going with him, if you hurt him before we even get downstairs I'll beat your ass myself." She snapped, following after the two of them a few paces back with her arm through Val's, "You wanna take me on first or should we start Will off then pair him with Dem while we hit each other?"

"I was thinking the second option, better to give him a lesson first just in case we do each other some real damage." Valentin replied with a chuckle, playfully pulling the female's bun as the made their way to the elevator, "I remember how spry you are, being little must have its advantages after all."

Tab rolled her eyes smacking the tall male on the chest, "You're freakishly tall, its the Swede in you. Not my fault I'm a normal person with a normal height."

Will whined, wriggling in Dem's arms as the bruise on his chest was pressed against his shoulder blade, "Let me down, asshole! That fucking hurts!"

"Such a potty mouth." Demetri tutted in mock dissaproval, "What would your Dom say if he could hear you? Bet he'd be washing your mouth out with soap right about now." He snorted as he descended the steps to the basement, waving men away from him as they stopped to try and talk to him about the day before. Once he reached their destination he dropped the sub heavily on his feet and threw a knife at him, "Ready?" He knew he was pushing for too much too soon but he wasn't really thinking properly, in his mind he was sparring with one of the more experienced guys.

The younger man yelped and just about managed to grab the knife without stabbing himself, he looked back at his friend with wide eyes, "Are you fucking kidding me? Of course I'm not ready!"

Demetri smirked, launching himself forward. Yelping, Will dropped his knife and started to dodge the blows coming towards him. He was small and agile, managing to duck and dive, the way he blocked any blows coming towards him showed he wasn't completely unpractised. The sub let out a cry as Demetri's knife nicked his cheek, leaving a tiny cut on the cheek bone but deep enough that it would scar. Scowling, Will ducked and performed an impressive forward roll to retrieve his own knife, he launched himself onto Demetri's back and pressed the blade under his chin, *"Enough!*" He snapped, sweat pouring over him, "Have I passed your little test now?! I don't care how upset you are about whatever's bothering you, when you teach me you *teach* me, got it?! You do *not* try to kill me."

Demetri shook his head, clearing his thoughts and dropping his own knife, "Yeah… yeah, sorry man… I'm done. Sorry…" He waited until Will dropped off his back and he turned,

kissing away the blood on his cheek, “You did good. I’ll be back in a minute.”

He walked past Tabitha and Val with a weak shrug, heading outside and pulling out his phone to call Hannibal.

Following behind the males at a slower pace, Tabitha stopped in the kitchen to grab enough bottles of water for the four of them out of the fridge, chuckling softly as Valentin made no effort to hide the fact he was clearly checking her out as she moved around collecting supplies.

The blonde male watched Demetri go with an eyebrow raised, glancing down the stairs to the basement he had just left, “Why does he look like he’s got his tail between his legs?” He muttered once the younger male headed outside.

Tabby shrugged a little, picking up the fresh towels and water to head down to the basement, “God fucking knows, but he’s gonna piss me off if he keeps shirking his responsibility.” She scowled, dumping the pile of things down on the table at the far end of the basement and turned to see Will, complete with cut on his cheek, “What the fuck happened to you?”

“We left you for two minutes, how could you have possibly been alone long enough to get yourself in trouble?” Val asked, gently tilting the sub’s head up to look at the cut on his cheek, “Did Demetrius do this? I’ll kill him if he did.” A protective growl sounded from his chest as he ducked down to run his tongue over the slice.

Hannibal pulled his phone from his pocket, holding up a finger to the male he’d been talking to, dismissing him for the time being as he unlocked the handset upon reading the caller id, “Demetrius, I trust you’re calling to talk and not to deliver bad news to me today.”

Will was panting heavily, leaning against the wall and holding the stitch in his side. That had been intense but he felt pretty good about himself, he’d held his own. He let Valentin look at him, tipping his head back obediently and shrugging, “He did but I don’t think it was his fault.” He sighed, eyes flitting between Tabitha and Val, “He threw me a knife and started sparring before I knew what was happening… Don’t think he completely knew it was me he was fighting to be honest. What the fuck is going on with him?!” The sub squared his shoulders, a slightly cocky grin on his face though, “I avoided him other than this though! I’m fast… And I even beat him at the end. Shouted at him a bit and he ran off. I’m fine, honestly. Where are we starting?”

Dem swallowed heavily upon hearing his surrogate father’s voice, “Just thought I’d better tell you I scarred your sub.” His voice was thick, “I… didn’t mean to. Got too into sparring and I wasn’t seeing him I was seeing…” The man trailed off, closing his eyes, “Anyway. It’s only a little cut but it’ll scar and I figured I should tell you myself. Don’t worry, I’ll pack my bags and be out by the time you’re home. Unless you want to kill me yourself? In which case I can just wait in the red room…” He was deadly seriously, Demetrius had a bad habit of trying to get people to kill him on his father’s anniversary. He did it every year.

Val’s scowl deepened a little as he took in the injury properly, sighing softly when he realised it was too deep to heal without a scar, “This is deep but it’s already stopping.” The older male

looked over the rest of the young male's body, checking for any other visible marks to ensure that he was as fine as he said he was, "It's… Complicated, and I promised Hannibal I wouldn't tell you what is going on until we're ready to move in on the target." He half shrugged, gently stroking his thumb over Will's jaw, "Worry not, sweetheart. He'll be fine."

Tab picked up a bottle of water and handed it to Will as she walked past to pick up the knives from the floor, "Now you've almost been killed you should probably learn the basics and start that way. Give us a defence stance, drop your weight below your centre of gravity, that gives more power behind each successful strike." As she spoke, the female brushed Valentin away from the submissive so she had Will's undivided attention, slowly walking around him to take in his stance from every angle, "When you're ready, I want you to strike Val" She pushed him back into the middle of the room, "Hard as you can, don't worry he can take it."

"You'd be surprised exactly what I can take, Tabitha." He smirked in reply, tensing his abdomen against any potential damage.

Walking out of the warehouse, Hannibal stood himself out on the edge of the docks' waterfront, rubbing his fingers over his forehead against a stress headache he'd been trying to suppress for hours. Today was a hard day all around, but more so for he and Demetrius, they'd both known the younger male's father for roughly the same amount of time and each year Dem had tried to get some sort of a rise out of the older male, he was never going to fall for it. "I know what today is, Demetrius." He said softly, having let the male finish speaking before even thinking to reply, "I want you to listen to me, because this is the only time I'll say this today; Nobody is killing you, in fact they all have strict orders to do precisely the opposite. Yes, you messed up but you realised your mistake and called me. While I'm less than impressed that you saw Darko instead of my submissive and so you cut him… I can understand why the wound feels so fresh given our new information."

The older male paused, nodding politely to the first lorry driver as he departed the warehouse, waiting until he was sure everything was quiet again before continuing, "I trust you haven't told Tabitha about his being back? I have a lot of a faith in you, Demetri, we all have our bad days. Today is yours. If you need to be alone then go do so, if you cannot trust yourself to be alone then you know where the others are. That is your decision but I will not baby you of all people, you are *stronger* than this."

Will nodded quickly, adrenaline thrumming through his body. He closed his eyes and centred himself, carefully getting into position and doing as he was told. Will strength's didn't lie in brute force and there wasn't much strength behind his punch - if anything he was sure that it hurt him more than it had hurt Val. He was fast though, and he was small. He knew how to make himself invisible and if someone wanted to hurt him, they'd have to catch him first. He was also stubborn.

When his fist hit didn't move Valentin even slightly, he scowled and tried again, trying to put as much force into his punch as possible.

"I'm not." Demetrius said simply, "And if I ever see the man again it's going to be hard for me to hold back but I love you and I love Tabitha and I know my place." He cracked his neck and sighed, "Of course I haven't told her… She's better off in the dark for now, it's just… not easy. And what with Val being back it's easy to feel like a stupid fifteen year old again." He

closed his eyes, trying to shift from a hurt child speaking with his father to a killer talking to his employer, “Got it, Boss. You can count on me. Over and out.”

Demetri hung up the phone and edged back into the basement, unsure of how he’d be received by the two older occupants of the room, “You’re swinging too wildly.” He said simply, “Focus on the spot you want to strike and imagine punching right through his chest.” Dem watched as Will’s punch got more painful, “That’s it.”

Val smirked just a hint as Will barely even tickled him with his first punch, he gave Tabby a little that said ‘seriously’ before focusing back on the younger male, giving him plenty of opportunity to try again and improve.

Tabitha watched intently, making mental notes on ways to improve his stance when Demetri entered. She gave the other male a fleeting glance before nodding permissively and turning her attention away once more.

Valentin grunted just a little when Will punched him more effectively, giving Dem a quick glare, “Punch through my chest? That’d be interesting to see.” He chuckled, grabbing a hold of Will’s wrist before he could pull away, easily pulling the submissive toward him and spinning him around to put an arm around his throat, not enough to hurt but enough to make a point of the exercise, “You’re small, much like Tabby but you lack the natural skills to make you an aggressor. Nothing to be ashamed off, simply means we must teach you self defence before we teach you to attack. All the better to keep you safe that way.”

Tab stood with her hands on her hips off to the side of the two entwined males, “Using Val’s weight, you need to get him off of you so you can get away from the attacker.” She half smiled, taking one of Will’s hands to place it on Val’s forearm around his neck, “Grip him tightly, then lean forward until your ass is at his pelvis, then all you gotta do is pull him over and his weight will do the rest.”

“I think I’m liking this part of the lesson more and more.” The older male laughed, preparing himself to hit the crash mats on the floor, “Whenever you’re ready, William.”

Will pouted at Valentin, narrowing his eyes when the man smirked at him, “You’re fucking huge, alright! It’s like punching a brick wall.” The sub grinned as the man grunted, “A crumbling brick wall…”

“Sarky little git, isn’t he?” Demetri grinned, leaning against the wall next to Tabitha, “Nice to see him coming out of his shell a little though… Kinda surprised he’s so comfortable around Val though, you’d think he’d freak him out.” He pushed himself off the wall and circled the two, “Strengthen that stance. It’s sloppy… Good way to get yourself killed. Now do what Tabby said.”

“You’re all so bossy.” The younger male groused, taking a slightly shaky breath to steel himself before pushing back against Valentin’s crotch, pleasantly surprised at how it make him as uncomfortable as he’d imagined, “You try pulling a 200 pound bag of muscle over your shoulder.” He pulled and his eyes widened as Val went flying, though he nearly crushed himself in the process, “It worked! It actually worked!”

Valentin simply raised an eyebrow with a chuckle, “Why thank you!” He replied only to scowl at the crumbling comment, “I take that back, you’re just as bad as your mistress.”

Tabby giggled softly, leaning against the wall with Demetri as she watched Will with Valentin, “Sarcasm is one of the things that draw us in, I thought you knew that already?” She smirked, nudging the male in the ribs.

Val rolled his eyes, “I’m 196 if that, don’t you go calling me anything other than sexy for my age.” He chuckled, rolling his hips twice as Will pushed back against, “My day is certainly beginning to look up.” He muttered only to cry out as he was thrown over the sub’s shoulder to hit the mat on his back with a cough as the wind was knocked out of him, “…Fuck.”

“That was good. Val get up and do it again, this time I want you to come at Will fists flying - not enough to hurt him - Will, I want you to use his weight and his momentum to throw him back to the floor.” Tabby ordered, uncaring about Val’s mild winding, he could take a whole lot more than that.

Still moaning under his breath about being thrown over by such a slight male, Val kick flipped to his feet and took a fighting stance with a grin, “You ready for me, little one? I promise not to draw blood, but I’m not going to hold back too much. You have one choice and that’s to put me down.”

Will beamed instantly getting into stance, as Val came at him he went back into the same mode that he’d been in with Demetri earlier, but this was easier because Valentin wasn’t as crazed as the other man had been. It gave him the opportunity to show Val and Tabitha what he could do though. He may not be strong but he was determined to prove that he did have worth.

He flitted around the larger male, insanely fast and agile, dodging ever single punch, even if it meant ducking to get out of the way. He slipped behind Valentin’s back, smirking to himself when the man looked wildly around for him, not having seen him disappear. He darted forwards and pressed a soft kiss to Val’s cheek before hooking his leg around the viking’s and yanking his feet out from under him - sending him crashing to he floor, landing straddling his hips, “Pinned ya…”

“Brat has moves. Once he’s caught he’d find it hard to get away… But people would have a hell of a job catching him.” Demetrius mused, “You alright there, old man?”

Val crashed to the floor with a heavy grunt, his head barely missing being smacked off the concrete flooring. He chuckled up at the younger male, his hands coming up in surrender, “Alright you got me.” He grinned, letting his hands rest on the younger male’s hips as he rolled up against him, “that’s for knocking the wind out of me.. But well done, you’re good.”

Tabitha nodded slowly, “I think it’s time to tell Hann your bright idea about a job for Will. He’s just proven that he’s more than capable of handling himself as an assassin, and we could always do with more of those.” She laughed softly, picking up two towels and water bottles, holding them out to Val and Will, “Here, hydrate. You’ve earned it.”

Looking up at Dem as he took the bottle of water from Tab, unscrewing the bottle top to glug from the bottle, moaning almost obscenely at the cool liquid, “Thanks and I’m fine.” He looked down his body at where Will had him straddled then smirked up at Demetri, “Actually I’m better than fine, a little *swollen* but ultimately fine.” He grinned, giving the submissive a wink.

Tabby threw herself down on the mat next to the two males with her legs crossed, starting to stretch out her body, working from her arms all the way down, “You wanna catch your breath and fast, baby. I’m taking you on next and I’m not gonna accept you holding back on me.”

“Never gonna happen.” Val smirked, sitting up with a hand on the small of Will’s back to keep him steady as he righted the two of them, “Take a break, you earned it. I have to kick your mistress’ ass into next week.”

Will nodded, surging forwards and kissing Valentin deeply before rolling off him and crawling into the corner, curling on a pile of soft crash mats to watch. He downed his entire bottle of water and nudged his cut cheek gingerly before looking up at Demetrius with a scowl, “Are you gonna sit down or what?” He rolled his eyes, “I’m not mad at you any more, Demi. There’s obviously something weird going on with you.” Though his Mistress and Val were gearing up to fight he was more than aware that they were probably listening.

“It’s not you…” Demetrius sighed, flopping down next to Will and slinging an arm over his shoulders, “It’s… My dad died fifteen years ago today.”

“Oh.” Will blinked, nodding slowly, “Well that explains a lot. Don’t know much about dad’s… mine ran off early and my step was a dead beat drunk who was quick with his fists.” He shrugged one shoulder, “But I had a Ma who I adored and she’s gone. So I get it… A little.” He kissed his friend’s bruised cheek gently, “You still got family though, right? You got us? So quit trying to kill me for five minutes and we might get through the day.” The sub chuckled and draped himself across Demetri’s lap to watch the show.

“You know…” The large man whispered, his breath hot on Will’s ear, “You look awfully comfortable crawling on your hands and knees.”

Will rolled his eyes, “Sub. It comes with the territory. Though I do enjoy it.”

Valentin moaned softly into the kiss, allowing Will to crawl away as he ran a thumb across his lips, smirking up at Tabby, “I think your submissive likes me.” He chuckled, leaning back on his hands to watch the female stretching out her body, “No need to do that, you’re limber enough for me to wrap you around me twice.”

Tabitha mock glared at the tall male as she half listened to the conversation across the room, pulling one of her knees to her chest and then the other before getting to her feet to walk over to the weapons rack to take down two quarter staffs, tossing the other to Val without looking behind her, “Why don’t you put me to the test?”

Jumping up on his feet, Val caught the staff in one hand, instantly dropping down into a fighting stance, “Oh so it’s this kind of a game you want to play.” He laughed, circling

around the floor, “You remember last time, don’t you? I had you on the floor in two minutes flat.”

Tabby dropped into her own fighting stance, pretty much matching Val’s exactly, “You still talk too much.” She rolled her eyes, launching into an attack, each swing of the wooden staff just connected with Valentin’s as he blocked each move but Tabitha was three steps ahead, Hannibal had taken the time to teach he how to get the upper hand when fighting Val, that was to watch his moves, work out which of his many attack strategies he was using and then formulate a plan of attack.

Valentin laughed, easily defending himself as the two bodies in the centre of the room continued to circle each other. Seeing that Tabby had stopped coming at him in favour of watching and waiting, he launched into his own attack, swiping the staff low to the floor in an effort to take her legs out.

Tab jumped over the staff, her foot landing on the end to stop him picking it up, “What? You thought it would be that easy?” She giggled, letting his staff up again, “C’mon, fight me. Give it everything you got.” As the female took a step back, beckoning to attack her again, “I can take it.”

Will waved Demetrius away when he tried to keep talking to him, he was too engrossed in the fight taking place in front of him to be distracted by anything. It was amazing - beautiful even. Tabitha’s movements were as smooth as running water and the strength Val could put behind each stroke was actually a little terrifying.

He swallowed, a cold dread setting into him that he was sure he couldn’t disguise from his features. He’d never fit in here… He’d never be able to fight like that, too damaged, too weak, too stupid. What good was being fast when other people around him were this good. How long before Hannibal decided he was a liability and cut him loose. He grabbed another bottle of water and unscrewed it, taking a shaky sip, “Demi..?” He asked curiously, trying and failing to sound casual, “Uh… Is there anyone else on the team who’s as shit at the actual offensive stuff as me?”

Demetrius snorted, completely oblivious as always, “What are you, stupid?” He shook his head, “Of course not. Anyone that useless would have been kicked to the curb or worse the minute the Boss saw them sparring. Why?”

“N-no reason.” Will gulped, instantly dreading his Daddy asking for a demonstration.

Val launched into a full scale attack, each strike having his full body weight behind it, fluidly moving into the next movement without having to think about it. “You’ve been practising. I’m impressed, doesn’t happen often.” He quipped, jabbing forward with his staff, eyes widening as Tabby easily bent her body low to the floor and rolled out from under the attack to launch her own.

“Sounds like you’re running out of ideas so you’re running your mouth instead.” To punctuate her point, Tabitha whipped the male’s jaw with the tip of her staff, laughing as she circled the stunned male.

Holding a hand to his jaw as he opened and closed it to check everything still worked, Valentin raised his eyebrows in challenge, barley defending each strike from the female and having to back towards the wall. He took the only opening he saw and brought his weapon down over his head.

Tabitha had to hold her staff horizontally to defend herself from the attack and keep her head from being rang like a bell, her staff breaking in half under the strain, “Big mistake.” The female launched into another attack with renewed vigour using both weapons in her hand to beat Valentin into submission, just as he thought the attack was over she dropped to the floor, sweeping his legs out from under the tall male where she was instantly upon him with half her staff pressed to his throat, “Do you submit?” She questioned, chest heaving with exertion.

Valentin lost his staff at some point in the attack, he couldn’t be sure when but the moment his back hit the floor, he knew it was over and he’d lost much to Tabitha’s amusement. Raising his hands in surrender, the male chuckled as much as he could with his airway restricted, “I submit mistress. You win.”

Tabby laughed softly, releasing the male from her hold and sitting back where she straddled his hips, “I have waited so long to hear those words from you.” she grinned, wiping her forehead with the back of her arm as she looked over at Will and Demetri with an eyebrow arched at the two of them, “To answer your question Will, you’re submissive. You play the one thing that everyone else can’t; the double agent.” She glared at Demetri, “Somebody just needs to think bigger when it comes to strategy.”

Will nodded slowly, choosing to believe his Mistress though he still felt a little out of sorts. His hand drifted nervously to his neck and his entire body relaxed as he felt the butter soft leather there - Daddy wouldn’t have bothered collaring him if he’d just intended to throw him away, he was being stupid.

Chewing on his lip he crawled over to the two, sweaty people on the floor, drawing his Mistress into a deep, sensual kiss before turning and doing the same to Valentine, “That was so hot…” He mumbled, blushing a little at his own forwardness, “I… Val… Can we maybe play sometime. Daddy promised me no sharing but Mistress said it was up to me and I… I’d like to…” The sub shrugged, thoroughly flustered and feeling a little out of his depth. For an ex whore he was shockingly bad at asking for sex.

He supposed he should feel bad for trying to seduce the man Demetri was madly in love with but he didn’t on three counts.

1) Demetrius had scarred him

2) Demetrius had been all over *his* Mistress the night before, so fair was fair

and 3) Demetrius was a *massive* pain in his ass

Tabitha wiggled a little on Val’s hips with a soft groan, “Somebody’s excited. Does being dominated by a woman turn you on?” She smirked, watching Will crawling towards her. Her exhausted body melted into the submissive’s so much that when he pulled away she laid herself down on Valentin’s chest to catch her breath properly.

Val lent up on his elbows to return Will's kiss passionately, running his tongue over his lip with a chuckle, "That's more than okay with me, little one, I told you that when you were ready you'd come all by yourself." Lifting one hand up, he stroked the male's cheek lightly with his thumb, avoiding the no longer bleeding cut, "We can teach you that, you know. It's all about the fluidity of movement than the use of brute force, the smoother your movements the better your attack."

Will nodded slowly, playing with his hands on his laps, "I dunno…" He mumbled, "Don't think I could do it anyway. Maybe I'm best sticking with what I know."

Demetrius snorted loudly, laughing manically, "Seriously? You wanna teach the baby to fight? It's his funeral I guess…"

Scowling, Will pulled off one of his shoes and threw it at Demetri's head, smirking as it hit his target, "Fuck you." He turned back to Valentine and nodded shortly, "Teach me so I can kick his ass."

Tabby lifted her head just enough from Val's sweaty bare chest to meet Will's eye, "Well it's your decision, we're not about to force it on you, we know where your greatest strengths lie." She half shrugged, forcing herself to sit up and roll off the tall male, flopping down on the floor with her head propped up in her hand to glare at Demetri, "You're lucky that he's only got sneakers on, that could have been a whole lot worse for you."

Valentin pulled Will onto his recently vacated lap, sitting up to wrap both his arms around the younger male and kiss him softly. He pulled away with a grin, "I'll teach you so you can beat his ass and he'll lose some of the snark around you." Turning to look at the male in question over his shoulder, the blonde just quirked a brow at him, "Have you learned nothing the last 24 hrs about thinking before you speak, Demetrius?" His smile gave way to a mischievous grin as he suddenly flipped he and Will over, wrapping the slim male's legs around his waist as he pressed his comforting weight against Will's body, "If he ever gets any stupid ideas, you come to me and I'll kick his ass myself if you're not ready to do it yourself."

Will yelped as he was flipped, whining needily and thrusting his hips upwards, "Will do…" He moaned, reaching blindly for his Mistress, pulling her into a deep kiss before turning and raising an eyebrow at Demetrius, "You gonna keep being an ass or are you going to come and join us?"

Demi hesitated, looking at the writhing pile of bodies on the floor. On the one hand in definitely looked inviting, on the other he really wasn't in the mood, and it felt almost sacrilegious to be fucking on the anniversary of his father's death. Reluctantly he shook his head, "No… Not today. You guys have fun though. I think I'm gonna go to the cemetery and then work a body guard shift at the club… see if I can beat someone's skull in before the night's over." He smiled genuinely, "Next time?"

"Open… Open invitation." Will gasped, his back arching as pulled Valentin down, initiating a sloppy, slightly awkward but thoroughly awesome three way kiss, "See you l-later."

Chuckling to himself, Demetrius left the basement.

The submissive nipped Val's lip before biting lightly on Tabitha's jaw, "Now all we need is Daddy and this would be a party."

Valentin groaned softly, ducking his head down to suck over the submissive's sensitive skin above his collar, "He can join if he doesn't start being a dick." He mumbled against his skin, pulling Will's legs tighter around his waist as one hand curled around the younger male's hip to keep him in place and the other slid straight into Tabby's yoga pants, groaning happily when he found her otherwise bare underneath them, "Naughty girl."

Tabitha watched Demetri go with a sad smile until Will pulled her into the three way kiss, groaning softly as she bucked her hips against Val's fingers only making her nip blindly at both male's lips and tongues, "Too many clothes, and too much talking.." She moaned breathily, tipping her head back to give Will better access to her jaw.

Tab pulled back after a long moment, half considering trying to call Hannibal as she pulled her sports bra over her head and tossed it across the room - realistically she knew calling Hann would just end up with his already precious time being wasted while he still had work to do, but she did have to tell him what they'd been up to while he'd been out all day.

Will quickly stripped, his previous profession giving him serious skills in getting naked quickly. He wriggled down Val's body, pressing hot open mouthed kisses to his bare torso before he pulled the blonde's sweats down in one stroke, running his tongue along the sharp line of his pelvis.

The submissive pulled away and crawled to his Mistress, making sure to sway his naked ass in Val's face as he slowly pulled Tabitha's sports bra off, dipping his head to take a nipple in his mouth, suckling on the hardening nub before nipping it lightly.

Slowly he felt his inhibitions fade away and his natural submissiveness take over, it didn't feel as scary with Valentin as he'd expected, he just felt like an extension of their relationship. It felt right.

Valentin watched Will in an almost trance, surprised at his speed and efficiency when it came to stripping the two of them of every garment keeping them apart, "Well, well.. Someone's got a few tricks up their sleeve." He chuckled, running his hands down Will's back as he crawled over to Tabby. As the younger male's ass swayed delectably in front of his face, the blonde took the chance to bite the swell of his ass cheek before laving his tongue over the pink mark, slowly kissing down to mouth at his balls with a groan.

Tabby allowed Will to take off her sports bra, tangling her fingers in his hair the moment his mouth met her sensitive nipple. Arching her back into the stimulation, the female shifted her position until she was laying under the submissive, "How'd you want this, baby..?" she purred, bordering on a moan, "Your choice how this goes, you can do Val, or the other way around? I'm good either way."

Will chewed on his lip, crawling upwards to kiss his Mistress firmly he thought about what he wanted, "Uh… Can he fuck me?" He asked uncertainly, looking between both his Domme and Valentin, "And can I…?" He hesitated before moving back down, nipping at her nipple

on his way before coming to rest in between her legs, his breath hot on her slick folds as he pressed a, slightly nervous, kiss to her clit, “I wanna try… Never done it before.”

Tabitha gripped Will’s hair tightly between both of her hands, slipping her tongue into the submissive’s mouth to dominate the kiss while letting him keep the upper hand and have this play out the way he wanted it to, “Val’s in for a treat then.” She giggled, slipping down her yoga pants while Will looked between the two of them, “Instead of answering his question verbally, Tabby simply hooked her legs over the slim male’s shoulders and drew him closer with her heels.

Valentin took a moment to suck each of Will’s balls in turn then sat back to find the nearest bottle of lube Hannibal had to have stashed around the entire house. He came back from the first aid box under one of the weapons racks with the bottle already open so he could slick up his fingers, as soon as he hand was freed from holding the lube, the older male stroked his hands down the sub’s flank, caressing each curve of muscle as he slowly worked two fingers into Will, “I think Mistress is more than happy for you to practise all you need to. From personal experience, being able to hold your breath and good finger action has the best effect.”

Will whined as the fingers breached him, rocking back against them to force them further into his body as he licked down Tabitha’s abdomen. His tongue swirled around her navel before swiping a strip down her sharp hip bone. Taking a deep breath he took a tentative lick of her already, slick folds - testing the taste on his tongue as though it was fine wine.

Rolling his hips backwards in the hope that his swaying ass would tempt Valentin enough that he would stop teasing him, the young submissive slowly pressed one long finger into his Mistress’ heat as his tongue darted across her hard nub before he took it gently into his mouth. His technique was a little stilted and awkward but he was trying hard.

Val watched Will’s actions over his shoulder, pressing long and slow kisses to the base of the younger male’s spine as his fingers worked to stretch the young submissive’s entrance open with slow and steady thrusts.

Tabitha’s legs curled tighter over Will’s shoulder at his first hesitant lick, she drew her lower lip between her teeth, arching up into the stimulation as he head tilted back against the crash mat, “Yes, just like that…” The female breathed, lightly tugging at the sub’s curls between her fingers the instant he began to suck on her bundle of nerves, “Fuck… You’re doing so good, baby.”

Valentin sucked a dark mark on Will’s asscheek as he knelt back to stroke his rock hard length in his free hand, no longer stretching the curly haired male open, opting instead to tease him with just enough stimulation before taking it away again.

Will let out a soft whine as he completely lost himself to his task and the ministrations of Valentin, he could feel his mind clouding over as he let his submissive side completely take hold, letting himself be guided and used for their pleasure. He rocked back into the older male’s hand, desperate for some stimulation.

“M’good…” He panted softly, his breath hot against Tabitha’s sex, “M’a good sub… promise.”

Pulling Will’s hair a little harder as her body arched up from the mats on the floor, panting heavily as the submissive’s voice sent delectable vibrations along her clit, “You’re a good sub… Fuck, harder.”

Valentin chuckled as he cruelly removed her fingers from Will and knelt up behind the younger male, waiting a second until he was preoccupied by Tabitha to grip both of his hips firmly and almost teasingly slowly thrust into the submissive with a deep groan, “Fuck, you’re still tight as a virgin..”

Will yelped as he felt the blunt pressure at his entrance, he flexed his muscles around the older man as he sped up his movements on his Mistress, desperate to make her come. He nipped at her clit, just enough to cause a little pain, before sucking it into his mouth, three fingers stretching her as he curved them inside of her.

He was very proud of how tight he was, considering what his job had been for so long, it came of being selective with his clientele whenever he could be and ensuring he did whatever exercises he could. He’d always known he’d find a way out someday, or at least he’d hoped and dreamed, and he’d been determined not to be a wreck for whatever lover he’d end up having. He didn’t want people to see him as a ex whore, that wasn’t how he wanted to be defined.

Tabby bucked her hips rhythmically into Will’s tongue, crying out at the sudden flash of pain among all the pleasure - that alone being enough to throw her over the edge into her climax where she held Will in place to ride the waves.

Val slowly and surely thrust into the sub until he bottomed out with a soft grunt, allowing both males to get used to the sensation, as Tabitha loudly announced her orgasm, the blonde began a tender rhythm, his hands planted firmly on Will’s hips to keep him steady.

Will moaned deeply, licking his Mistress through her orgasm and the aftershocks that followed. Once he was certain that she had finished to crawled up her body, flipping himself around carefully so that he was rested between the gorgeous woman’s legs, his back flush against her chest so that he was facing Valentin. He dropped his head back onto her shoulder, turning so that he could meet her in a gentle kiss, allowing her to taste herself on his lips as he reached one hand out blinding, threading his fingers through the hand of the man gently making love to him.

He couldn’t believe quite how tender Val was being - he’d seen him as a hard and fast kind of man - but he appreciated. Will needed a bit of loving and it seemed that Valentin had sensed that. He pulled away from the kiss with his Mistress and surged forwards, biting down the groan as it forced Valentin further inside of him and at a brand new angle. The younger male cupped the viking’s cheek and kissed the corner of his mouth softly, “Th-Thank you…” He whispered, his voice shaking slightly, “Thank you, Sir.”

Flopping back on the mats with an exhausted gasp, Tabitha ran her hand through her hair to push it back from her sweaty forehead as she returned the submissive’s kiss with a happy

moan, “Not bad for a first try… I’m satisfied.” She giggled softly, wrapping her knees around Will and shifted her position so the sub’s ass pressed against her oversensitive sex.

Valentin supported the younger male as he turned over, ensuring that the two of them remained connected the whole time - a shiver ran down his spine at the strange sensation, making a mental note to try that more often. As soon as the submissive was properly situated, he continued his languid thrusts, once hand coming up to cup Will’s cheek, thumb stroking across his jaw, “You have no need to thank me, little one. I can be caring too, I did try to tell you.” A harder thrust made his point before regaining the previous tempo, each thrust causing Will’s ass to bump against Tabitha which only drew short gasps of pleasure from the female.

Will writhed and moaned as he rocked backwards into Tabitha’s soft, waiting body. As he came over Valentin’s rock hard abs he completely lost himself to subspace, going soft and pliable between them as his eyes glazed over, his muscles clenching around the older man, milking his own climax out of him.

“Huh…” Demetrius’ voice drawled from the doorway, both hands were wrapped in bloody bandages and it was obvious he’d found something or someone to take his frustrations out on, destroying the skin on his own knuckles in the process, “Han’s gonna be pissed if you broke his toy. Talking of which he’s upstairs when you’re done. Waiting for an update on training but it doesn’t look like you got too far.”

Will’s spasming muscles were enough to pull Valentin over the edge with a low groan that he stifled in the younger male’s neck, hips stuttering as he was milked for all his worth, “Fuck..” He whispered, half collapsing on the submissive as he regained his breath.

Tabby moaned as both male’s came, between Will’s spasms and Val’s petering off thrusts, she floated through her second orgasm to roll her head back only to see Demetrius in the doorway; With a stretch, she held her arms out to the guard with a lazy grin, “D, you came just at the right time.” She giggled, easing both Val and Will from on top of her to sit up and looked around for her clothes, “We’ll be right up, Daddy’s gonna be happy with all the progress we made.”

Val eased himself from Will and used his towel to dry off before pulling on his borrowed tracksuit bottoms, “Hannibal will be most impressed with the steps we’ve taken today, defence and some attacks. Then a good fuck, pretty much what he asked me to do today.”

“Not in so many words though, right?” Tab smirked once she’d pulled on her sports bra then laid back to wiggle her yoga pants up her legs.

Demetri rolled his eyes, tossing Will’s sweats at Valentin, “Better get him covered up unless you want the whole house gawping at his scrawny ass.” He cocked his head to one side and smirked, “Or not. Give them a treat and let them see his junk… damn sight prettier than anything they can afford.”

He flexed his knuckled, wincing slightly, “Roughed up a few of Chilton’s goons… felt damn good. Nearly got nicked by the cops though, little bastard called them on me.”

Will mewled, unimpressed Demetri's presence, too much talking and not nearly enough aftercare. He nuzzled into Valentin's strong chest, practically purring with pleasure.

Val caught the sweats in one hand as he pushed his hair back from his head with a chuckle, "Jealous?" He teased, dropping the submissive's pants to wrap his arms around Will's slim form, "Shhh, little one.. Close your eyes and breathe through it, I'm right here. We're all right here, you're safe.." He breathed against his ear in soothing tones.

Tab got to her feet and stretched out her body for a long moment before picking up the mess they had made on the floor, ensuring that everything was of the floor and clean to avoid Hannibal's wrath, "I hope they were some of the higher ups, just hitting the lower level goons won't make much difference."

"You lost the cops before coming home, I assume?" Val piped up with an arched eyebrow.

Demetrius rolled his eyes, "Of course, what do you take me for?" He asked, answering both questions in one fell swoop, "Like I'm gonna let myself get arrested *again*, the last time was shite enough for a lifetime." He grabbed Will's hand and yanked the sub upright, slapping his face lightly, "Wakey wakey, Brat. You can cuddle all you want once we're upstairs but probably shouldn't keep the Boss waiting."

Will flinched harshly backwards away from the slaps but they seemed to bring him around enough to at least pull his sweats one, even if he was still groggy as all hell, "Piss off." He slurred lightly, holding out his hand to help Valentin up, "*No* clue how to deal with subs… idiot goon."

Val tried and failed to grab Will from Demetri, rolling his eyes, "I take you as an idiot, a lot of the time. This is one of those times." He answered shortly, rolling his eyes at Tabitha, "Didn't we bail him out that time?"

"Pretty sure I sucked off an officer to get him let out with nothing more than a smack on the wrist, Hann was furious." Tab replied, smacking Dem on the arm as hard as she could, "Not cool."

Valentin took the offered hand from Will and stood, only to scoop the submissive into his arms and brush past the male, "Come, little one. We'll leave Mistress to deal with this." He chuckled, ignoring everyone they passed as he took the back stairs up to the top floor.

Tabitha stood with her hands on her hips looking expectantly at Demetri, hoping for an explanation as to what the hell he thought he was up to, "How long have you worked here, D? Long enough, right?" she answered her own question, not expecting one from the male, "Long enough to know that submissives require after care, even more so when they're as pure as Will is. Don't you *ever* do that again, or I'll be wearing your balls as earrings."

Will smiled softly, curling into Valentin's chest, "He's an idiot." He yawned softly, "But he doesn't mean any harm… Not really." The younger male fitted his own key into the elevator so that he didn't have to get put down and then felt his eyes drift shut. He stirred once they reached their floor, his eyes cracking open a little and locating Hannibal in the kitchen. The

submissive wriggled out of Valentin's arms, rocking up on his toes to kiss him on his cheek before stumbling into Hann's arms, "Missed you, Daddy." He murmured softly.

Demetrius rolled his eyes again, dodging Tabitha's fists, "Aw leave me alone, Tab - it's been a long day. 'Sides the Brat's fine, I brought him to didn't I?"

"I'm well aware, doesn't mean I don't like to wind him up further." Val chuckled, helping Will to his feet and following closely in case he needed any support, "Brother, I heard we were summoned? The warehouse clear out went well, I assume?" He questioned, looking the older male over for any traces of blood to indicate otherwise.

Hannibal smiled at the kiss to his cheek, his arms snaking around Will's waist as he stumbled, "Somebody has given terrible aftercare. Tabitha should know better.." He muttered, kissing the sub on the lips lightly, "I missed you too, Little Lamb." He replied, gently turning Will's head to look at the cut on his cheek, "Smaller than I had imagined, it'll scar though. Something to tell the others you got fighting off an attacker."

The elder male turned his head to look at Val, his nostrils flaring before his eyebrow arched in question, "Have you been fucking my submissive, Valentin?" He asked with a hard edge to his voice which melted away into a smile, "So the unsatisfactory aftercare is your doing?"

"Uh, no, not it. That's something to take up with your adoptive son. He doesn't seem to understand the word care."

Tabitha knew the male would dodge her hits and instead brought her hand around to the back of his shaved head with a loud smack, "That'll teach you, stop fucking with Will and we won't have to be so hard on you." She shrugged, leading the way out of the basement with her arm looped around Dem's, "C'mon, Hann's gonna wanna yell at me for getting distracted."

Will hummed softly, nuzzling close to Hannibal's chest as he was soothed by his Dominant's voice alone. Blinking his brought his fingertips up to his cheek, wincing as he touched the cut, "I forgot…" He mumbled, "Not Val's fault… 'Metri decided I was taking to long." The sub yawned, pushing himself up to sit on the kitchen surface leaning over to grab a coke from the fridge.

"Ow! That hurt!" Demetrius snorted, "But it's so fun… he looks at me like a hurt puppy. C'mon on then, let's go…. Something tells me we're both about to be yelled at and I could do with disinfecting these knuckles."

They headed upstairs, Demetri bursting out of the elevator with a grin, "Honey, I'm home!"

Hannibal scowled, tilting Will's head up a little more to run the tip of his tongue over the cut after the sub's fingers, "I'm sure he did, he's walking a fine line, but I'm not about to let him goad me into a reaction." He said, turning back to the fridge in search of something edible, "I had a call from a contact about Demetrius picking fights with Chilton's goons."

Tabitha rolled her eyes at D's claims of pain, pulling him with her, "You know better than to pick fights, Hannibal's going to put you on stage at the club for a month, the rate you're

going.” She side glanced at the male before shrugging, “Then again, not really a punishment.”

Val sat on the back of the couch, his arms folded across his chest as he turned to look at the younger male, “Someone’s in trouble.” He sang with a smirk, getting more comfortable for the show.”

“Not the attitude to have, Demetrius.” Hannibal snapped, slamming the refrigerator door closed as he span to face his wife and surrogate son, “Get some ice on those knuckles once you’ve disinfected them.” He said simply as he pulled a box of cereal from the cupboard to eat a handful.

Tab brushed past Demetri to take a bag of ice from the freezer and wrapping a couple handfuls in dish towels, she pulled a chair out at the dining table, “Sit, now.” She ordered the male, turning to pull the first aid box from the wall.

“Wait, that’s it? He’s not gonna get *any* kind of backlash for this shit?” Val complained without thinking, “If I pulled this shit you’d kick my ass out for at least two weeks.”

“*Enough*, Valentin!” Hannibal roared, taking two steps toward the blonde, “Do not overstep your boundaries, brother.”

Val shrank back marginally, head bowed and his eyes fixed on the floor, “I apologise… To both of you, I didn’t think before speaking.”

“Like that’s anything new, you’re all asshole alpha males trying to prove you’re all good enough for the second spot. Which, I might remind *all* of you, is *my* spot.” Tabitha muttered under her breath as she inspected her manicure, considering heading to the salon for a change, Hearing the silence in the room, she looked up at the other occupants of the room, “What?”

Valentin chuckled, a slow laugh that started to bubble up until he fell backwards on the couch, clutching his stomach with tears rolling down his cheeks.

Hannibal rolled his eyes and continued to eat his cereal, “You broke him, you fix him. Last time I almost threw him off the roof.”

Will snorted into his drink, pulling Hannibal’s hand towards him and eating the cereal from his palm and then licking a stripe up it, keeping hold of the hand so that he could play with it, tracing the lines on the palm, “They’re just stupid.” He hummed, “Mistress is number two and I’m gonna be number three once I’m trained up a little.” The sub shrugged one shoulder, beaming up at Hannibal, “Seriously, ask them! I was awesome! Not really strong but super fast… I beat Val,,, sort of. And I’d have beaten Demetri too if he didn’t go all crazy on me.”

“Yeah… A sub as number three, that’ll happen.” Demetri rolled his eyes, wincing as Tabitha cleaned up his knuckles, “You told me to work out my shit, Han… So I did. I worked it out all over Chilton’s guys faces. Think I killed that big one that’s always hovering behind him. You’re welcome by the way.” He raised an eyebrow at Valentin, “Ain’t heard him laugh like that in a while. I’m a fan.”

Hannibal placed the box down on the counter next to Will, settling his now free hand on the sub's thigh and gripping just enough to hurt as each trace of Will's tongue sent sparks of arousal through the mob boss' nerves, "You will be number three, despite Demetrius' protests on the matter. It is *not* his decision to make, it is *mine*."

Tabitha smirked at Demi as she cleaned up his wounds with a little less carefulness than she'd usually give, "Heard it from the boss' mouth, let's not forget you cut our pet this morning."

Valentin's laughter had reduced into almost silent fits of giggles, only broken up by his sudden gasping for breath before returning to silent laughter.

"One of you should really stop him before he stops breathing." Hannibal pointed to the male practically imploding on himself on the couch without taking his dark eyes from Will, "He rarely allows himself to relax enough to laugh like this, and Tabitha is a bad influence."

Slamming down the disinfectant on the table, Tabby stood up and filled a glass with water from the tap and sashayed across the room between all the males to throw every drop in the blonde's face, "Stop. Fucking. Laughing."

Sputtering and coughing, Valentin shot upright to grab the female's wrist and pulled her over the back of the couch onto the pool of water that had previously been a cushion, "Don't be like that Tabby, you just don't like getting told off. You forget that you're a very very bad girl." The male pinned Tab to his chest and began to try and lick her ear, even as she struggled and tried to hit him to make him stop, "Say it, say you're a bad girl. Bad girl, Tabby."

Will beamed, dropping Hannibal's hand and putting his coke down so he could wrap both arms around his Dom's neck, "Cuddles now? Val promised me cuddles and he's preoccupied so…"

Demetri raised an eyebrow at Valentin and Tabitha, "Seriously? You two haven't gotten enough yet? You just made a Will sandwich and you're still acting like horny teenagers." He grabbed the icepacks and put them on his knuckles before turning back to Hannibal, face all business, "Chilton called the cops on me but I got away. Pretty sure I turned it round on him so he should be tied up answering their questions for a while."

Pulling the sub from the counter to wrap his legs around his waist, Hannibal brushed his nose against Will's as he walked surefooted to the living room and sat on the couch not occupied by Tab and Val, "Cuddles now." He smiled, rolling his eyes as the other two, "He has a habit of doing that, best course of action is to ignore him until he realised your attention is not long his."

Hann looked up at Dem when he spoke and nodded his acknowledgement to the information, "Yes, I heard from our friend at the precinct. As long as you're still in working order I'm not about to scold you. Just this once and only today. Understand?"

Tabitha had gone from squealing and bursting into fits of laughter as the blond continued to try and stick his tongue in her ear as far as he could get it, all the while tickling the female

and generally not playing fair. Soon enough the squeals turned to shouts - first in English, then into Swedish before the Domme eventually resorted to hissing threats of bodily harm, death and dismemberment in her native Romanian.

“Someone’s got a *sharp* tongue, I forgot how savage you can be, Tabitha!” Valentin laughed, sparing a glance at the bodyguard in front of him, “Not everything is about sex, Demetrius. This about power. Mine over hers, specifically.”

As Val spoke Tabby has managed to get her hand between her own legs and far enough back to take a good grip on the tall male’s balls, “I think you’ll find all the power is mine, let me go or you say bye bye to the boys.”

Grunting in pain, Val conceded to defeat, releasing Tab to slowly raise his hands in the air, but the grin he wore from ear to ear showed he had no real remorse for the situation, “You got me, truce. Sorry Mistress.” He said with a lowered head, still smirking as she sat himself down slowly until Tabby removed the hand from his delicates to make herself comfortable in his lap, letting him grovel for her forgiveness.

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